

The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 43.....NO. 15,094.

THE DRAMA'S DEGRADATION.

When, nearly a year ago, a young commission merchant was found dead in a water-front hotel with a bullet in his head under circumstances that directed suspicion to a young woman in whose society he had frequently been seen, the life and character of the young woman in question became subjects of immediate public interest and importance. What appeared to be a murder had been committed, a motive was thought to be established and the duty devolved on the authorities of finding the supposed murderer.

In the search for the criminal Miss Florence Burns and her circle of intimate friends and girl chums came in for much notoriety. Full publicity was given to their habits and amusements, their love affairs and quarrels, and facts were brought to light by reportorial investigation and by the subsequent court-room testimony which were of a nature to make parents grieve that they should come to the eyes of their sons and daughters. They revealed a laxity of social intercourse and an absence of moral restraints among the young people concerned which no mother could read without apprehension.

The publication of the objectionable story was sufficiently regrettable at the time with the excuse given. To republish it now in autobiographical form serves only the evil purpose of pandering to a taste for the morbid and the sensational while familiarizing young readers with a false code of morals and a false standard of conduct. And to exhibit the young woman herself on the stage is a degradation of the drama as much to be deplored as condemned.

RED-HAIRED WOMEN.

Theatrical managers inform The Evening World that girls with red hair are more in demand for the front rank of the chorus than either blondes or brunettes. But have not auburn tresses always been most highly esteemed?

There have been those who held that nothing in nature's color scheme excelled in beauty the rich tones of a deep mahogany-tinted coiffure. When Titian put the copper-colored tresses of Venetian belles on canvas he followed the artistic ideals of the Greeks, who may have got theirs with other art ideas from the Orient. In Cyprus, where Greek and Phoenician met, and where feminine beauty was proverbial, there was dug up among the innumerable pieces of pottery and glassware a small jar containing a red pigment supposed to be hair dye. Eve's hair may not have been red, but Helen's was, and Cleopatra's.

Red is the first color that a baby notices, a consoling thought to an auburn-haired mother. An excess of iron in the blood was once thought to account for this tint in the hair, as for freckles; but men of science are not so sure of that nowadays. The anthropologists point out that red hair, is almost a certain ear-mark of a bright mind and an optimistic but a cruel nature. Also, apparently, of a well-balanced brain, for Dr. Robert Jones, noting the complexion and the color of the hair of 2,890 insane persons in England, found that insanity is extremely rare in the red-haired.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is the most noted contemporary example of a red-haired actress, as Mrs. James Brown-Potter was when the color was in fashionable vogue some fifteen years or so ago. Surprise was expressed when the Infanta Eulalia came to the Chicago World's Fair that her hair was red. It was an Austrian inheritance in dark-haired Spain, as in Northern Italy red-haired women are numerous who derive the coloring from the German invasion of old Lombard days. Red-haired Italians are scarce here because the immigration is mainly from the swarthy races of the south.

EDUCATION OF ANIMALS.

In a newly printed volume on animal life by William J. Long many instances are given of the practice with animals oblige their young to undergo to attain proficiency. The author tells of young crows going through exercises with wing and leg in imitation of the mother standing before them, of little otters taken out into the stream on the mother's back and suddenly tossed into the water to learn to swim, and of fish-hawks teaching their young how to catch fish.

Letourneau some years ago told of a falcon high in air dropping dead swallows and mice to teach the young birds to spring upon their prey in rapid flight. Another writer told of a female elephant seen giving swimming lessons to her calf. It is always, as Letourneau pointed out, the mother who attends to the instruction of her young.

This practice is long continued. Moffat relates a story of a lion missing a zebra by miscalculation of distance and trying the jump over again twice.

FATE AND JACOBS.

A man in his time plays many parts, but few have had a larger repertoire than Mr. Jerome's sleuth, Jacobs. By his own admission in court yesterday Jacobs has been—

On his boy,
Laborer,
Waiter,
Teamster,
Miner,
Bandman,
U. S. Marshal.

Observe from this extensive and varied career of Jacobs how Fate holds us in the hollow of her hand. A slippery deck might have killed this cabin boy, a South Sea simoon wrecked him or a Hongkong opium pipe held him in Lotus-land forgetful of home. But he was to live on through various vicissitudes to serve the high purpose of being the human key to Canfield's and the guilty conscience of millionaire gamblers. The kick of a mule might have disabled him while he was a teamster, a wild steer horned him on a ranch or a desperado's bullet put a finishing touch to his activities.

But Fate had other things in store for him. Of the cabin boy Lipton she made a peer and of the cabin boy Garfield a President; of Jacobs she made the most wonderful sleuth of modern times.

Curiosities of the Vote.—The returns from this year's State elections reveal unexampled eccentricities of voting. In Florida only one vote was cast against the Democratic ticket. In Nebraska there was only one vote for any but the regular nominees—only one "scattering" ballot. In North Dakota there was no Prohibition vote, while in adjoining South Dakota it was heavy. In Maine, a Prohibition stamping ground, the Prohibition vote was smaller than the Socialist. In West Virginia, where Socialism might be looked for, there was no Socialist vote. In the Southern States of Tennessee, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, there was practically no opposition to the Democratic Congressional nominees. So one-sided an election has never before been known in the South.

JOKES OF THE DAY

"Is he sowing wild oats?"
"No. Harvesting wild rye."

"I want to buy a clock that will always be just a little fast."
"Yes, sir. Let me show you our line of French clocks, sir."

"Don't the falling leaves and the gray sky of autumn fill your heart with a tinge of sadness?" asked the sentimental young woman.
"I should say it does," answered the business-like man. "I'm the proprietor of a summer hotel."—Washington Star.

"How did he come out in his race for a wife?"
"Oh, the race ended in a tie."

"Give him an inch and he'll take an ell!" Is a saw whose truth is shaken; For all "L" passengers know well That every inch is taken.

Lady—Are you quite sure that was a canvasback duck you sent me yesterday?
Dealer—"Certainly, ma'am. What made you think it wasn't?"

Lady—Oh, nothing; only I thought you might possibly have made a mistake and sent me a leatherback instead.—Chicago News.

"Since he was disbarred from practicing law he has taken to writing poetry."
"Become a barred bard, eh?"

"He's got a heavy cold."
"Then it's his first heavy investment that's not in his wife's name."

Mother—I'm afraid, Tommy, you are not much of a favorite with your teacher.
Tommy—"Oh, yes, I am, mamma; she makes me stay after school every day, just to keep her company."—Boston Transcript.

There was a young man of Quebec Whose fortune went swiftly to wreck,
Not a single piastre Survived the disaster,
So he pays all his bills now by check.

"I hear your uncle left you something against a rainy day."
"He did. His favorite umbrella."

SOMEBODIES.

CAPERS, COL. H. D.—brother of the Episcopal Bishop of South Carolina, is the oldest living Confederate.

CUTLER, DR.—who has just died, was the man who introduced surprise choirs into this country. He did so on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit to Trinity Church, in this city, in 1890.

KREINER, JUDGE W. A.—Dean of the Columbia University Law School, has resigned that office to devote himself to corporation law practice.

PRINCE JONAH KALAUZOLE—of Hawaii, whose first name bars him from the job of mascot and whose last name sounds like a breakfast food, is the first member of royalty to become a member of Congress.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA—of England, is to have her crown broken up and will wear the world-famed Kohinoor diamond as a neck ornament.

OLD-TIME REMEDIES.

In the family Bible of a Roxborough man there are a number of medical rules, written over seventy years ago by the great-grandmother of the Bible's present owner, says the Philadelphia Record.

"A stick of brimstone worn in the pocket is good for them as has cramps."
"A loadstone put in the place where the pain is is beautiful for the rheumatism."

"A basin of water gruel, with half a quart of old rum in it, with lots of brown sugar, is good for cold in head."
"If you have hiccups pinch one of your wrists till you count sixty, or get somebody to shake you and make you jump."

"The earache—Put onion in ear after it is well roasted."
"The consumption—Eat as many peanuts as possible before going to bed."

CLOSE CALCULATION.

Bishop Partridge, of Japan, journeyed all the way to New York city in order to take part in the missionary conference of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In doing so he furnished extraordinary proof of the perfection of modern transportation facilities. He wrote to a relative in Brooklyn, giving details and itinerary of his trip, which was to be as fast as he could possibly make it. The Bishop crossed 6,000 miles of water and 3,000 of land, arriving in the Grand Central Station, New York, exactly at the minute named in his letter from Japan.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

As a twig trembles, which a bird lights on to sing, then leaves unbenighted,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred—
I only know she came and went.
As clasps some lake, by gusts unbenighted,
The blue dome's measureless content:
So my soul held that moment's heaven—
I only know she came and went.
As, at one bound, our swift spring leaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleep—
I only know she came and went.
An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent:
The tent is struck, the vision stays—
I only know she came and went.
Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last lot is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will bring,
Only to think she came and went.
—James Russell Lowell.

PEOPLE WE MIGHT SPARE IN CASE OF WAR.

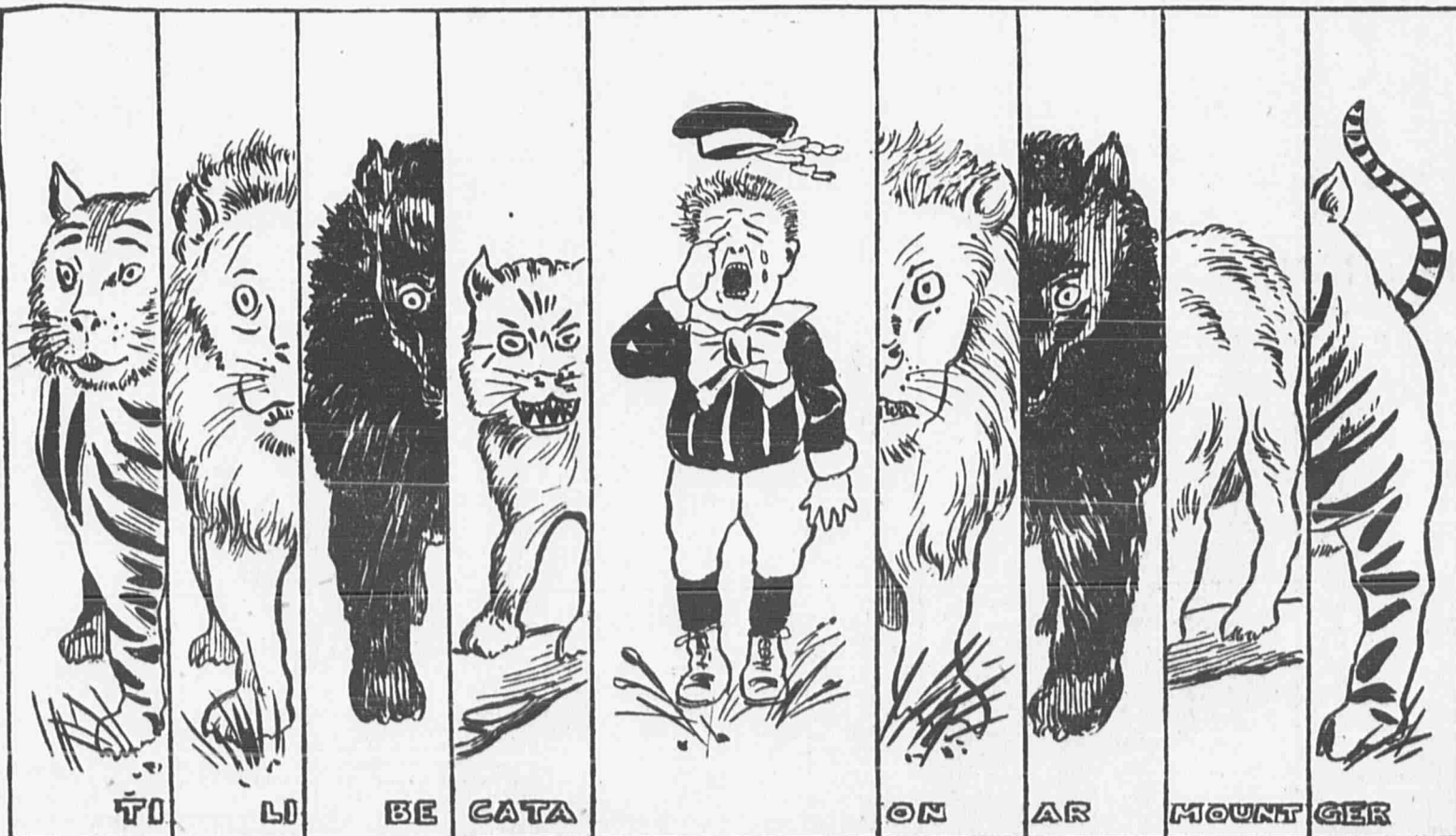
Artist Powers suggests a few.

If Uncle Sam should be dragged into the Venezuela squabble here are a few persons whose prompt enlistment might do much to lessen the horrors of war—to those left at home.



WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENT IN THE HOME.

FIND THE ANIMALS THAT FRIGHTENED LITTLE JOHNNY.



Cut Out the Picture and Fold So that Each Animal Will Be Complete.

NEARLY ALL FORGOTTEN.

As many as 7,287 men have been elected to the National House since the American Congress began. The number does not include those who have occupied seats and been thrown out on contests.

CLOSE TO DANGER.

A pair of starlings have built their nests in a gun used for the instruction of naval reservists at Brightlingsea. There will be no firing from that gun until the youngsters can fly.

THE LARGEST ORCHARD.

Ex-Gov. Morrill's apple orchard, in Kansas, now contains over 64,000 trees, and is said to be the largest single apple orchard in the world. Eight thousand trees have been set out this spring.

GOOD USE FOR IT.

At Boulogne the old chateau in which Napoleon I. resided while superintending the preparations for his projected invasion of England has just been converted into an orphanage.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

WHY RICH MEN WON'T "SQUEAL"

"I SEE Jerome had Jesse Lewisohn pinched because he wouldn't tell whether he had cashed in at Canfield's or not," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"Lewisohn," said The Man Higher Up, "is not the first rich geezer that has stood for a pinch because he wouldn't tell about his diversions or his business. I remember the case of the Broker Chapman, who handed a few defiances to the Congressional Committee that was appointed to take a fall out of the Sugar Trust. You remember that Chapman refused to answer and they immersed him in the booby hatch at Washington."

"Was he compelled to put on a ball and chain and go out and make little ones out of big ones? Did they make him put callouses on his hands soaking large rocks with a hammer? Not on your Christmas tree! He lived like the star boarder at the Waldorf-Astoria. His cell was upholstered with works of art done in paint and kitchens of swell restaurants. His imprisonment was a kind of table d'hôte."

"This thing of getting hold of a man who has a bank account big enough to allow him to wear thousand-dollar bills for chest protectors and expecting him to go into a court-room or anywhere else and unbelt his methods of amusement under pressure is like putting an honest laboring man in a corner and asking him if he ever bought a can of beer in prohibited hours. What would you think if you got a subpoena to go down to the District-Attorney and tell him if you ever shot craps, and if so, where and when and who was in the game, and how much you lost, and if you won what you did with the velvet? You'd be likely to feel like going out on the sidewalk and biting the paint off the Indian, wouldn't you?"

"Of course, Lewisohn is not a gambler. He works in Wall street. Sol Lichtenstein is not a gambler because he makes book at a race-track, and making book is sanctioned by law. A man who goes into the 50-cent field on the track, takes all the money he can get from the poor suckers that can't afford it and then climbs over the fence before the race is run is not a gambler. But a man who opens a house for card-playing in New York and caters to people who have the mazzuma to incinerate is a lawbreaker, and his customers have to make a case against him."

"It is a funny thing that Canfield can go up to Saratoga, open his front doors and invite Jesse Lewisohn or anybody else into his place to play faro or roulette and then come down to New York City and have to squeeze them through the front door. In Saratoga Canfield runs a place that is as open as Atlantic Garden to people who don't live in the town, and nobody touches him. Here he runs a place that is as hard to get into as J. Pierpont Morgan's office, and the same men who go in freely in Saratoga are snatched up and yanked before a corkscrew hearing. Both places are in the State of New York; the law in both places is just the same. No? Yes?"

"Of all the men Jerome has called he won't get one to admit that he has gambled in Canfield's. Why should he? It must seem ironic to a man who gambles in futures all day to be called up by the chief prosecuting officer of the city and questioned about where he gambled at night. If Jerome sends them to jail they'll stand for the jail, and in the next election their money will go to the party that is against the party that is with Jerome."

"Do you think Jerome will put the editors in jail?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"There have been people who have put editors in jail," replied The Man Higher Up, "but I never heard of one that had medals to hook on the strength of it."

GOOD IN GOAT'S MILK.

"The time is coming when Kansas City, like Paris, will live on goat's milk. Our babies and our grown people will be healthy, and there will be an end to consumption." These predictions were made by Dr. E. B. Allen, the first Government meat inspector in Kansas City, now a goat fancier in charge of the model goat farm at Electric Park.

"There are more people drinking goat's milk in Kansas City to-day than you have any idea of, and there will be more of them right along. Every morning you will find carriages driving up to Electric Park bearing women with their babies; and if you could see them relish the goat milk when they drink it, babies and mothers alike, you would not smile at my prediction. Why, we have 150 goats on the farm here and we milk about seventy of them. The goats average from one to three quarts a day each, and we cannot supply all our trade."

"We established the Government meat inspection here in 1891," said Mr. Allen, "and during that time at the stock yards and the packing-houses we inspected thousands upon thousands of goats that were slaughtered. After several years my attention was brought to the fact that in all those thousands of goats that had been inspected not one diseased goat was found. We gave them three inspections, an ante-mortem, a post-mortem and a microscopic inspection."

"At that time a packing company was slaughtering goats by the thousand, but the prejudice was so strong against the goat that the meat was placed on the market as 'prime mutton' and was very popular. Since the banquet which was served at the stock yards a year ago, when nothing but goat meat was served, the prejudice has gradually disappeared, and you will now find 'Angora venison' in almost every market. These goats we have here are Mexican milk goats, bred most of them are crossed with Angora."

"Goats eat bark, shrubs, weeds, briars and such things, and in and around Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Jersey City, we send herds of goats every year to be turned loose in the patches of sassafras, persimmon and other sprouts that no man can grub out. The goats thoroughly clean these patches away, and they never return. In their places a fine blue grass invariably grows. If you turn a goat loose in a flower garden it will eat all the weeds in a hurry, but it will never touch a flower, except, of course, rose bushes and such thorny growths. The goat meat has a venison flavor, and is not the least bit 'woolly,' as you might imagine. Goat's milk has all the properties of cow's milk, with the added value of absolute purity. The cream in the milk does not separate as it does in cow's milk, but it is very rich in butter fat, and when butter is made the milk is churned without skimming. Excellent cheese can be made from the goat's milk."

GERMAN SEA CAPTAINS.

The German captains are much more sociable than those of the English lines, says the World's Work. One going up to an American lately, two or three days out, shook hands with him, saying: "You are Mr. —" because you are the only man on the boat I don't know." Nothing of this sort happens on English ships. The last night of the voyage brings the "captain's dinner" on the German ships, when, if it is clear and not too warm, the passengers dance to the tune of the band, while the captain acts as host. All the various diversions of the evening culminate in a pretty scene when the lights being out, the steward appears with mounds of ice-cream from which candles stand forth until an array of tiny lights cast weird shadows over the company, busied with expectancy crowded in a swaying ocean of vague darkness.